THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room
2223 Atherton st

VOL. LXVII. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, AUGUST 2, 1917 No. 31

O ME! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?

---Tennyson.

Pacific School of Religion

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF CONGREGATIONALISM AND THE CHURCH KINGDOM.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered at post office in San Francisco as 2nd-class matter.

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"AFTER HIM."

On one of the battlefields in France a British and a German soldier were lying not far apart, each desperately wounded and fevered with thirst. Stretcher-bearers came up and offered the Briton a cup of water. He took it and was about to drink it when his glance fell on the German whose need seemed greater than his own, and quickly he handed the cup back to the stretcher-bearer with the words, "After him."

This is the great lesson this awful war should teach men and women everywhere—"after him." With but few exceptions neither individuals nor nations have been living this way; it has been self first and the other fellow second. This cannot be successfully disputed. It was not this way with Jesus of Nazareth, and it is not going to be well with humanity until it gets on to his foundation.

What this war-torn world of today needs to do is to hearken to those words of Christ, "Whoso seeketh to save his life shall lose it; but whoso loseth it for my sake and the gospel's shall save it."

A Wesleyan military chaplain was on one of the barges which were landing soldiers from the troopships at the Dardanelles. When a man was shot down, the chaplain sprang to rescue him and to bring him to a place of safety. A Catholic priest who was near laid hold of him, saying, "You mustn't think of it; it is madness; you are going to certain death." The Wesleyan, as he shook off the restraining hand, replied, "I have got my orders; they come from a higher command than yours, and I'm going." Soon he was struck down by a bullet. As he fell the priest rushed toward him. Then the officer in charge of the landing party called, "Stay where you are; I forbid you going; we are losing too many men." But the priest went on pausing only to say: "Did you not hear what my Protestant comrade said? I, too, have my orders—from the higher command." Soon the two men were lying together dead.

They lost their lives, but they saved them. Jesus of Nazareth, our great exemplar, governing himself always on that principle, obedient ever to the higher command, went to Calvary; he lost his life, and yet he saved it. Today his name is above every other name; all acknowledge this whether or not they walk in his footsteps. Mankind will yet come up to his standard or will throw him overboard. There are no two ways about the result; there can be no other outcome. Soon Christ will be enthroned far more than he now is and his principles made largely the rule of life, or he will be banished by mankind as an impossible and life be built on other foundations—despite the apostolic utterance, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

More than two years ago The Pacific came to certain conclusions concerning this world war which have been confirmed as it went on. Today we hold that there is no separate and distinct righteous cause for which any one of the belligerents is fighting. All have sinned and fallen short, and each and all are reaping the consequences. The Apostle Paul wrote of a day that would test that which men would in the generations after him build on the foundation of Jesus Christ. What was used by men In their building, whether gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay or straw; would be made plain, the quality of it would be tested; the day that was to be ushered in with fire would make it plain, would show whether it was enduring substance. Very many persons have not been building at all on the foundation of Jesus Christ; others who have been building on that foundation have failed to make use of enduring material, and that which they have builded will go up in smoke; it will not stand the test. They themselves will be saved, but only as those who have passed through fire. The fire while it will destroy their structure, not worthy to endure, will save them.

Nothing in individual or national life that is not founded on the principle back of and permeating those words of that soldier on the battlefield in France—the words, "After him," will stand the final test. When the final test for mankind is to come we do not know. If we interpreted the Bible as some persons interpret it, we would say that the world stands today very near to the final test, and that the verdict is going to be "weighed in the balance and found wanting"—so much so that only by a direct interposition by God could any be saved from the wreck.

There is much that is ominous. Many preachers of the gospel are declaring that this is no time to say anything about any sins except the sins of our enemies. Before our own country entered the war the man who had anything to say about the responsibility of the entente allies for the war, either immediate or remote, was called pro-German. Now when our country is in, anything spoken or printed that doesn't flay the enemy, any attempt to point out glaring mistatements, whether made maliciously or ignorantly, or false conclusions, is met with the assertion that he who does this is either a traitor or very near being that; at any rate is giving aid to the enemy. We heard a preacher say a few days ago in way of illustration that the thing to do in a conflagration was to work to put out the fire and not to retard such effort by trying to ascertain what had caused it. But what if the men who are working to put out the fire have their hose attached to an oil tank instead of a water tank, and unknowingly are adding fuel to the flames. Shall we lend a hand?

Here is a world conflagration. It can be put out and civilization saved only on the principles laid down by Jesus Christ—"After him."

Now, if ever, is the time for preachers to preach about sin; to delve into history remote and recent, seek to ascertain what is wrong in business and industrial life, what is wrong in politics and in national life, what is wrong in our international relations.

If the church takes the stand now that it must not do these things, we do not believe that it will have any message to which any large number of persons will listen after the war. But, preachers and other Christion people can-

not talk and write in these days about sin and do any good for the Church unless they do it in all fairness; none can be pro-German, or pro-British, or pro-American; they must be pro-humanity.

This latter is what The Pacific has aimed to be since the war started. For its editor to pursue any other course now, to have any other aim, would be to be disloyal to Jesus Christ and to the higher command.

While this article is being written a convention is being held in Ireland which may decide what is to be the future relation of that country to the British Empire. No news has been allowed to come out. No one knows that any definite results will be reached—any thing that will continue Ireland as a part of the United Kingdom. There is a determined element which has declared that it will accept nothing but complete independence. Eminent men in England believe that the independence of Ireland would mark the beginning of the disintegration of the British Empire. They say the same with respect to the freedom of the seas for which Germany is contending. On the other hand England has long declared that sea-power must be her exclusive possession. Otherwise, she says, the downfall ere long of the Empire.

There is no democracy in the exclusive possession of sea power by any one nation. And he is blind who does not see that all world forces, all cosmic forces of the universe, God himself, the Great Power in and back of all the known universe, all are driving mankind on toward world unity. Great Britain has no more right to supremacy on the seas than she has to bottle up the sunshine of the world and say to all the inhabitants of the other parts, you must trust to me to be a benevolent autocrat and to dispense it justly.

At the beginning of the war Norman Angell, an eminent Briton, took the position that this was a question which would have to be settled after the war if it was not settled during the war, and that America would have to lead in seeing it settled, and that exclusive possession abolished.

But now there are not a few persons in this country declaring that our national interests demand an alliance with Great Britain in possession of the sea power. In his book entitled "The Challenge of the Future," written in 1916, Roland G. Usher, of Washington University, author also of "Pan-Germanism," and of "Pan-Americanism," said in his article advocating an alliance with Great Britain: "In essence, we are asking whether it is wiser for the United States to exert herself to the utmost to maintain the present position of Great Britain, or passively watch Germany secure control of the seas, if she can, and ally with her in preference." It is necessary, wrote Usher, that the United States be allied permanently with the sea-power; and the true necessity, he argued, was with Great Britain holding that power. It would be interesting to follow Professor Usher in his consideration of this question, as it relates to Asiatic Problems and Trade. We have space only to remark that the whole thing centers about the Almighty Dollar—something that has long cursed and still continues to curse the people of the world, and will go on cursing them until men shape their conduct in the spirit of the sorely wounded and suffering soldier on the battlefield whose word was, "After him"; until they respond to the higher command, cease to think of self-preservation as the first law of life, but of self-sacrifice instead.

We said that Great Britain has no more right to exclusive sea power than she has to bottle up the sunshine. Nor has the Anglo-Saxon race any more of a right to it. If men do not see to it that things are shaped otherwise, God will see to it or humanity will be wiped from the face of the earth as a failure. And it will not be necessary for God to do the wiping out; the human race will wipe itself out, as an inevitable consequence of a course of conduct persisted in—conduct not in accord with Eternal Right.

We do not believe that the British Empire is to endure as it now is, nor the German Empire as it now is. Nor do we believe that a half-way democracy is what we are to continue to have in the United States.

The Pacific has never thought it possible for Germany and her allies to win in this war. Nor have we ever set down just what is to be wrought out in the duration of the war. We are profoundly of the conviction, however, that it will give the whole world a mighty impetus toward the spirit of that stricken soldier in France whose words were, "After him."

A STARTLING STATEMENT IN A GREAT BRITISH JOURNAL.

Cablegrams from London published in the daily newspapers of this country a few days ago made evident the fact that there is intense and wide-spread gloom in the United Kingdom because of the continuance of the war. The last number of the British Weekly has an editorial note on "War Weariness": "A well-informed correspondent says that war weariness is spreading to a great extent and among returning soldiers he finds only one word, 'When is peace coming?' Except for the war profiteers, the mass of the public are utterly exhausted in the three years of almost unbroken strain, and feel no strength or energy to face another winter. No doubt this represents a general feeling."

But following this and under the caption of "Vested Interests in the War," comes the startling, almost astounding statement: "At the same time there is another side to this. Vast vested interests depend on the continuance of the war, and it is only simple truth to say that a very large number of people wish the war to continue. They are not necessarily false to their country, but the war has done very well for them. A friend of ours who has been visiting two cities which have enormously profited by the war found universal good spirits, and no inclination to strive for a speedy end. Consider how many comfortable berths have been created by the war. These will have to be vacated. There will be no use for the workers and there will be no money to pay them. What is to become of those who are making very snug incomes when formerly they earned little or nothing? What will be their fate when the soldiers come back claiming their place and their reward? The enormous profits which are shown in the excess Revenue returns are staggering. Do those who are receiving these profits actually wish for the end of the war? They do not, and perhaps it is too much to expect that they should. Money is being poured out like water everywhere, and they have been lucky enough to absorb much of it. We must not, in our calculations of the war, lose sight of the self-interest which does so much to weaken the driving force of the community."

We have read the foregoing several times with great care. And yet we are asking the question, What does it mean? Surely that great religious journal, the British Weekly, can have nothing but condemnation for the profiteers who want the war to continue in order that they may go on heaping up riches.

The startling thing in this quotation is the declaration that perhaps it is too much to expect that the profiteers would wish that the war end—that is, that they have sunk so deep into sin and degradation that they cannot wish it?

Is it this that the British Weekly meant to say? We are trying to think so. But, then, our glance falls on the words: "They are not necessarily false to their country, but the war has done very well for them."

It is a question whether they are not false to their country. How can any man be other than false to his country if he is false to Jesus Christ. And to want the war to go on in order that they may heap up riches is to be false to Jesus Christ. To want the war to go on in order that the kingdom of God may be advanced, as many British people are hoping will ensue, is quite a different thing, and cannot of course be condemned.

This from the British Weekly will be of greater value in the formation of a judgment as to why the world war is, and what must sometime be rooted out of the hearts and lives of men in every country on the face of the earth, if there is kept in mind the fact that the British Weekly is not a pacifist publication and has from the start advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war—and as Dr. Orchard has expressed in his recent book on "The Outlook for Religion": "Has been foremost in advocating the Christian sanction of the world's way of war."

"ON GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE."

Jonh A. Hutton, D.D.

(This article is reprinted from The Expositor, a British theological Review, which is edited by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. Following the article we make some comment.—Editor.)

"Yet Michael the Archangel, when contending with the Devil * * * durst not bring against him a railing accusation."—St. Jude, verse 9.

I am not going to try to create the context of these rather mysterious words, or to revive for our own minds the meaning which such words most probably conveyed to those for whose guidance they were directly spoken. It is enough for my purpose simply to feel that whatever else these words and this illustration may have signified, it was at least something upon which the writer and his readers were agreed.

The use which he is making of some story which was familiar both to them and to him is the use which in the process of an argument or appeal we may make, say of a proverb, or of some well-worn story which we have all known from our childhood, whose principles we have all accepted. We say, in effect, "If you agree with that ancient proverb, or with that classical illustration, you must agree with what I am saying now; for what I am saying now is simply an example of the very thing."

But indeed we have only to read the few fiery verses which lead up to this illustration to see the writer's point. He has recalled from their history certain instances of disaster coming upon God's people, upon the whole nation, or upon some group or class within the nation. And he asks them to believe that such disasters were not merely so many sad accidents; that, on the contrary, they happened in obedience to certain principles which are rooted in reason and in God; that it will not do to be merely contemptuous of great events, or to interpret them in a frivolous and unbelieving way; that—and here he uses the illustration—even in the controversy between the Archangel Michael and the Devil, the Archangel—they would remember—was not permitted to indulge, so to speak, in personalities, but was required to listen to his adversary's case, to try to grasp his argument, and to answer him with self-control and on the ground of principle.

This strange verse of Scripture then seems to me to urge upon us all an exercise which is naturally rather uncongenial. It declares in effect that things on the great scale happen in this world, not by chance, and not necessarily as the result of conscious and deliberate badness on the part of their agents; that rather they come to pass for reasons, perhaps not good reasons, but still reasons. They found their first opportunity in some unguarded region of our common human nature, or, like a disease, in some undrained and neglected backwater where the evil thing grew strong, organizing itself until it became a kind of kingdom or system, and winds sprang up spreading the evil thing broadcast. And so, we are bidden, in these strange words of Holy Scripture, to look beneath the surface of the large events of history and of our experience, especially if those events are disastrous; not simply to call them bad, or terrible, or mysterious. We are asked—and it is not an exercise that we like—to search for the reasons and the causes of things, never for one moment doubting that reasons and causes there are.

Now, when we come to think of it we see that to believe that things happen for reasons and by the working out of principles, is one way of declaring our belief in God. To hold that the opposite is the truth, namely, that things in this world simply occur either for no reason whatsoever, or through some mysterious evil agency so subtle that the human conscience can never detect it, and the human mind can never hope to deal with it,—that is the real denial of order and of God, and it commits us all to a kind of moral paralysis, which at the best is relieved by moods of superstitution.

And so, to put what I have said in other words, this strange verse of Holy Scripture summons us, face to face, with the dark and shaking events of history, to hold fast the faith that things are related to one another, that one thing leads on to another, that, once certain things are set agoing in the world, certain other things follow as surely as night follows day. If this were not the truth, then the history of man would be altogether a heartbreaking record. But what makes history in a real sense the grave word of God is that we may learn from its cruel and tragic pages how in bygone days things led on to other things, small things, caught up in the flood of human passion, to larger things—in order that we may become quick to detect in our own day the beginnings of evil, and to deal in the region of our own heart with those passions, those prejudices, those half-truths, which in other days, as we perceive, let loose upon mankind the earthquake and the avalanche.

And now, let us, quite simply and frankly, and in the very spirit of this word from God, which forbids us using the language of mere raillery and contempt, see whether there are not certain matters which we ought rather to take to heart, making it our business now and hereafter to deal with them. It is much too soon, I know well, for us to listen to any one who suggests that it was we who were responsible for the outbreak of the present conflagration. On the very contrary, we may without misgiving await the judgment of history upon our attitude, assured that it will only confirm the clear approval of our own conscience. And yet, I am sure I am speaking for all really serious and patriotic people today when I say that there could be no prospect more intolerable for us than the prospect that in five or ten or twenty years hence the world

should again be convulsed, and those who are today our prattling children should, on the threshold of their youth, be called upon to endure afresh such agonies as we have known.

And yet we have no right to look forward to a wiser world emerging from the present fury, unless we, who are now the effective members of society, clearly perceive certain things which either caused or occasioned, or may well have caused or occasioned this horror; and perceiving them, deal with them.

Let me then try to make distinct, were it only to my own mind, certain charges which the Sombre Spirit, who works out the tragedy of things, might, with at least a show of reason, have brought against us. For it seems to me to be the very instruction in this strange strong verse which forbids a merely railing accusation against the devil, that we are to allow even Satan to state his case.

Well, now, there is no single thing on which our enemies were so confident as that we as a people had lost the qualities, physical, moral, political, spiritual, they would even have said, which are the signs of a nation's power to survive and of its right to survive. Amongst the ignorant, this charge was supported by rough and ready illustrations, which might either be true or false. But it was not a charge which was made by the ignorant. It was, we must try to believe, a view held with conviction by those who form and guide opinion. It was supported by learning and accepted as a state of matters for which it might be we were not altogether to be blamed, for it was a stage in the inevitable evolution of the race. As a flower passes from the firm and promising bud, through a day of fine strength and beauty, to another day of falling leaves and wilting stem, so we as a people, having passed our climacteric in the glorious days of Drake and Shakespeare, had no longer the potency, the sap and virtue, which would have made us worthy to maintain the reach of our earlier achievement. We were a tired people, going to pieces with interminable domestic irritations, loving ease, pleasure, backing the wrong things, honoring the wrong things. Liberty with us had become the right of every one to think as he liked and to do as he liked. And so we were on the edge of revolution. We had lost our fear of God; and we had no other fear. Like France, we were beginning to tamper even with the wells of life, so that in our literature and in every other way in which the real mind of a nation comes to light, we were quite evidently trifling with the last fountain and sanctity of things. We were becoming more and more provincial, it was alleged. It is true we were not openly withdrawing our armies from the outlying frontiers, as Rome recalled hers when her natural force began to abate. But we had no longer a sense and vision of ourselves and of a role which we were called upon by God or destiny to play, such as sends out nations upon hard tasks, and binds them together in the joy of a common secret life. We spent largely, grossly indeed; but it was all upon ourselves, little in the interest of ideas or of unworldly causes, or for the moral greatness of our country. And so, it came to pass that many a small nation surpassed us in the measure of its services to the business of research into the causes of disease and for the sake of disinterested knowledge, or gave more of its wealth and thought to the creation of things of beauty. In fact, we stood for nothing; and therefore, though we were not aware of it, it was really not by our own choosing that we had become frivolous, extravagant, and mean towards ideal enterprises, but simply because we could not be otherwise.

It was another consequence of the same want of idealism, the same want of such faith in anything as should lead us to die for it, that we had developed such bitterness in our domestic policies. We had no great dream, no great imagination of what the world by our assistance might be. We had nothing within ourselves so good for men that we could wish that every nation on earth had a share of it. We had nothing to unify us, to subdue our divisiveness, to consecrate and summon us. There was nothing before which at the last we, however we might be divided upon passing things, stood upright, recognizing its glorious supremacy. There was not anything for which we were ready to die; that is, we were not alive. * * *

Thus Satan, our accuser, whom the Bible describes as standing from time to time before God, making his report, charged us; and we can see how wise it is for us, as we are commended here, not to rail at his accusation, but to ask ourselves whether there may not have been something in it; and, humbling ourselves before God, before whom it is no disgrace but a high honor for a man or for a nation to fall down in grief or shame, to rise to our feet again with indignation at ourselves, finding such truth as there may have been in the long indictment.

For there is this truth in the philosophy of those who planned this tremendous disturbance of the accepted habits of the world. It is true, it is but fair, that a people must never be permitted to usurp the earth, cumbering the ground. It is just, that at every hour in our history we should be able to believe that it is good and even necessary for the world that we keep our place. It is right, that there should be something in our individual and social and religious type the blotting out of which would bring a real loss to mankind and cast a sinister shadow on the future. The day in which a long-stablished people like ourselves rudely awakened, cannot produce from its breast its passport into the future, unless speedily it becomes a day of contrition, comes to be a day of conscious sickness and failure. All that is true, and it is a sharp kind of truth which we must see to it that we can meet without too great uneasiness.

For we live in a severe world, where, in the long run, nothing survives which is merely a pretence or a mere husk and memory of former vitality.

Our blessed Lord—gentlest of Teachers for the poignant sorrows of individual souls—did not keep back the stern announcement of this truth. That God is no respecter of persons, was the hard truth over which His ancient people stumbled. That God is able from the stones to raise up children to Abraham; that they who have faith are of the holy and surviving seed! that a tree which bears no fruit, however it may seek to conceal with hanging leaves its barrenness, is doomed—all this is of the very essence of that revelation of God to which no nation on earth has had such access as have we.

And so let us not rail at our accuser; but, receiving with meekness what truth we may perceive in his perversion, let us err on the side of a new moral sensitiveness and resolution. Let us be very sure that only that which rests fairly upon the nature of things will survive and ought to survive. Let us see to it that we live not for ourselves but for the future. Let us recover that sense of life as a trust and stewardship which, in the long run, alone brings security and permanence.

In this disastrous time, when so many high hopes have become incredible and ridiculous, there may be a danger that we think too gloomily of the prospects and capacities of our poor human nature. And yet, I believe that, given a nation of people manifestly obedient to some high vision which consecrates its natural strength and subdues its merely secular pride; given a nation which lives in some dominant way for beautiful and wise things such as will only be perfectly achieved when they are shared by the

whole earth; given a nation whose guiding words and public policies are such that it will always be for the good of other nations to repeat her maxims and accept her wisdom; given a nation which on a fair judgment will be acknowledged as on the whole standing for things such as it would chill and darken the soul of man to think of as departed forever; and, though we live in days when it is hard to prophesy, I believe that there is something in such a nation which always, before things have gone too far, will reconcile its detractors and disarm its foes.

Let us begin then to watch ourselves, the secret play of our own preferences and inclinations, the kind of things we value, the kind of things we praise. Let us put it for ever beyond dispute or discussion that there is something at the heart of all mere aggressiveness, and self-seeking, and greed and violence which sets up within our lives, and the life of the nation, and the life of the world, a seed of torment. And let us put equally upon some undisputed place this also which completes the other, that he who loseth his life, who loseth it in any generosity of the soul, who loseth it in any friendly and hospitable attitude towards others, far from hindering his own future, has in fact made that future richer and more secure.

Let us see our nation uniting itself and bending itself, as, praise God, we find we have still the power to do, uniting itself and bending itself to complete its own spiritual career, to promote the great causes which, by the manifest pressure of God's Spirit in our history, lie most near to our deep and enduring interests; let us return to our sources and have our souls baptized anew in the well of life from which in all our great hours we have refreshed ourselves—we from whose loins have sprung Wilberforce, and Carey, and Livingstone—those lovers of the souls of men; let us seek to live, as we have not lived for far too long, in more vivid recollection of the great things which God has given us, obeying without fear that mark upon our soul which came to the people of these islands with the Bible, and with the missionaries of the Cross of Christ, that calling which we have never indeed repudiated, but which of late years we had honored with only a difficult fidelity;—let us be worthy of ourselves, of our history, of our most characteristic personalities in Church and in State alike, and—though we may not be spared the reproach of the Accuser, and indeed it might minister to our pride and weakness were his voice silent towards us, still—we shall have the comfort of a good conscience, and in any depth of unusual misfortune we shall have—as in these terrible times we do have—an invincible endurance, and even should the worse come to the worst, we shall rise again from the dead.

EDITORIAL COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.

We in this country should deal tenderly and sympathetically with our British brethren. Ministers there are up against some extremely baffling problems. It must be almost impossible at times to decide what duty is. In this article, "On Giving the Devil His Due," we find an eminent Non-Conformist giving recognition to the fact that there is among his countrymen such a thing as sin; and yet the accusation which we do not see how any student of British life can set aside as unfounded he calls a "perversion." He admits that there is some truth in it, but labels it well over with the word "perversion." We had it in mind to quote some expressions from other eminent Britons which would show that there has long been in British life a great deal of wrong-doing that ought in this awful cataclysm be given earnest consideration at once—the statement of them not held to be a perversion—if more fearful experiences are not to come. Perhaps we shall do that next week and set forth also some things in the lives of our own people which ought to have serious thought. We don't know just at this time that we will do this. There seems to be an increasing sentiment among us that to win in the war everybody must seal the mind against thought and steel the heart against feeling. We are unable to conclude, if this is done, that our tribulations as a people will not some day be intensified.

GOD'S NEW RACE AND THE WORLD'S FUTURE.

A Sermon by the Rev. Robert Whitaker, Pastor of the Congregational Church of Porterville.

Texts:

"But now in Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who made both one, and brake down the middle wall of partition, having abolished in his flesh the enmity." Eph. 2:13-15.

"So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Eph. 2:19.

"There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free; but Christ is all in all." Col. 3:11.

"Probably the greatest service which the Apostle Paul did for Christianity was in keeping it from becoming merely a Jewish sect. One of the greatest conflicts for the purity of Christian faith that has ever been waged was that in which the so-called 'Jewdaizers' were defeated. In the time of Christ the religion of the Hebrews had so degenerated from the ideal of Isaiah and the other great prophetic leaders that it had become a religion which set up barriers on every side between man and man, between man and God, and between the Jewish people and all other races. In Paul's day there was a strong party in the church which wanted to perpetuate these old divisions which were so anti-Christian in their nature. If there was any one thing which Jesus came to do more than another it was to erase barriers, the age-long barriers which had kept men from God, which had divided them into hostile groups, and which had led to the aligning of nation against nation. Therefore when some of this Jewish party began to impose upon the Gentile Christians the restrictions of the old Jewish faith, the very restrictions which helped to erect 'the middle wall of partition' Paul went to work to prove to the Christian world that this was not in accordance with the faith which Jesus had given to his church. He pointed out that in him 'there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all.' Paul proclaimed the message which our world todays needs so much, that in Christ all barriers of racial and national difference were done away; that Christ had created a new humanity, a new type of men, in whom the first loyalty was the loyalty of their spiritual kin of all races and of all times, the men and the women who were bound together in the tie of a common spiritual hope and experience. Whereas, before Jew and Gentile had held each other in contempt, now there was mutual love as their common faith in Christ had erased the barriers when once separated them making them together members of 'the household of God,' of the spiritual kingdom which Jesus came to establish in the earth.

"Let me briefly call to your attention this morning that

our present world situation is only possible because the Christian people of the world have never learned to fully accept the gospel of Jesus on this point. In England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria and the United States there are many millions who have sworn their allegiance to Christ and his way of life who yet seem never to have comprehended that in him there is neither German, Russian, Austrian, French, English, nor American, but Christ is all and in all. We have forgotten that in him 'the middle wall of partition' is supposed to have been broken down through our common loyalty to his spiritual kingdom as supreme. Paul was conscious of a brotherhood which transcended all barriers of race or color; and he called all Christians in his day to recognize their unity in the household of God. He proclaimed that in Christ a new race, having this consciousness of world brotherhood, was to be created; and in Paul's mind it was this new man, in whom had been born a sense of spiritual kinship with all men who follow the divine way who was to save the race. How far we have wandered from this ideal today! On every side today we are hearing our German brothers spoken of as though they were an inferior race. We are being told that the world can never forgive them. We, who have been told that we must forgive 'until seventy times seven,' not only have not the forgiving spirit, but are entirely repudiating the tie of spiritual kinship which should make us treat every man first of all as a Christian, and secondarily, if at all, as a member of a certain nation. Today, if a man is a German citizen he is to us 'an alien enemy,' even though he be a member of the spiritual Kingdom of God which is higher than any earthly kingdom. In other words, for the time being we have allowed ourselves to entirely lose sight of the fact that in Christ 'the middle wall of partition' has been down, so that to those who follow him there is no longer either German or American, but we are one in Him. And in Germany it is no better. Because a man is an English subject is sufficient reason for treating him with scorn and with contempt, for he also is an alien enemy. As the Jews had no dealing with the Samaritans, so must no man who is a good patriot have any dealings with an alien enemy, for all such an anathema. Now this present world situation is upon us because this spirit is not only dominant now, but because to a large extent it was present in all nations even before the war broke out. Christians the world over have failed, and failed ignominiously, to have any consciousness of a brotherhood in Christ which transcends all other ties. We have not believed that in him there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. And today we are reaping the harvest of our disbelief.

"I speak to you this morning upon this theme because it seems to me that the world's only hope of something better than the present chaos and strife is to be found in the development of a new race in which there shall be present this world consciousness which Jesus came to bring. Many are saying that this is to be the last war. God grant that it may! But I for one have little faith that such will be the case unless Christians all over the world begin to take their faith seriously and to believe that Jesus really meant what he said. We have said many times, 'One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren,' and then we have lived, and still are living as though these words were a lie. We have all of us been citizens of the nation, and second of the world Kingdom of God. We can never be really Christian until we come to recognize our citizenship in God's spiritual kingdom as above all else, and until, in keeping with this ideal, we realize our universal kinship with all who are striving to walk in the ways of brotherly love and service, as a greater and higher reality than whatever kinship we may be willing to recognize with those of our nation who in spiritual life follow the lower ways of selfishness and materialism. If Christians the world over had so known Christ there could have been no war.

"Probably all of us will recognize our failure as Christians in this particular. The questian then is, 'What is the way out? How is the Christian world to be brought to this consciousness of spiritual kinship which distinguishes the new man, the new race which through Christ must be developed to save the world?' The answer, the same as always, must be given in connection with such problems. All progress comes through the individuals who will be loyal to the truth, and who will follow the Christian way here and now in the midst of an unbelieving world, without regard to the consequences to themselves. God is calling to day for men and women who will dare to be brothers and sisters to the whole world of his children without any regard whatever to their nationality, or color, or creed. An abiding world peace is only going to come as there comes to the nations a real faith in something higher than nationalism. As we have come to recognize that the nation is greater than the state and has a right to a larger loyalty, so we have got to come to a recognition of the fact that the world brotherhood of states is a greater ideal than that of the nation, and therefore deserves a larger loyalty. Here, then, is the challenge which comes to us today in the words of Paul. Do we dare to go into this warring world, which will call us hypocrites, visionaries, mollycoddles and the like, and live in real faith that there is neither German, Russian, Austrian, French, English, nor American; but Christ is all and in all?' Do we dare to let Christ for us actually break down the middle wall of partition, which has been leading us to call certain of God's children, 'alien enemies'? Dare we treat every man of every race, no matter what this nation may do, as our brother? Dare we trust the power of loving, sacrificial service, the power of kindness and friendship, to overcome our enemies and make them our friends? If we dare, then truly in Christ we shall find the wonderful consciousness of our unity with all of those who love, and serve, and suffer for the right, without regard to the barriers of race, of nation, or color, or aught else which would separate us. 'Now in Christ Jesus ye that once were far off are made nigh in the blood of Christ. For he is our peace, who made both one, and brake down the middle wall of partition, having abolished in his flesh the enmity.' "

"THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE."

William Norris Burr.

"It doesn't fit in at all with the compelling sentiment of the modern world. People in all grades of society will have to be made over before it can be worked."

"Then let's get busy with the 'making over,' each one of us beginning at his own Jerusalem."

Our seven-days "Institute of Democracy" was nearing its close. "That dreamer," J. Stitt Wilson—if the "J" in in that man's name does not stand for "Joseph" it ought to!—"that dreamer" had just been exalting in his forceful way the value of a human being, any human being, even the downmost human being to be found anywhere on the face of the earth. ("This is the most masterly appeal for foreign mission work that I have heard for many a day," I had been saying in an "aside" to myself). "We must touch mind and heart with the mind and heart of the Apostle Peter when he declared: 'God hath shewed me that

I should not call any man common.' The soul of Democracy is the doctrine of unity. If this is a divided world Democracy is a dream. There is no classification in Democracy—'all one body we.'" Mr. Wilson's words were still in our ears. It was just then that I overheard the scrap of conversation recorded at the beginning of this article.

A few moments later a pigeon-hole in Memory's desk flew open, and the records of a little neighborhood prayer-meeting out in the country spread themselves before me. Week after week that meeting was sustained by ten people, five men and their wives. Had those ten people been run through some sort of social grading-machine they would not all have dropped into the same box nor into any two boxes. Some of them loved the ways of careful expression and refinement; others had never in all their lives heard of such things as double negatives, elided syllables and split infinitives, though they made free use of them in all their "by-word-of-mouth" communication with their fellows. Theologically, some of that group had "broadened w[illegible] the process of the suns," and others were more afraid of the words "broad" and "liberal" applied to religious belief than they were of rattlesnakes. Salvation Army folks, "Holiness people," Congregationalists, and some other folks made up that group. And yet every Tuesday evening found them all gathered at one of the homes for a "neighborhood prayer-meting.' And they took sweet counsel together there. At almost every meeting they sang:

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love;"

and they learned there that "the fellowship of kindred minds" is not necessarily a matter of social nor educational qualifications, or limitations. There is a fellowship of Christian minds that breaks down all such barriers as culture here and double negatives there, and makes "good mixers" of all sorts of people, in matters of the heart life. The common bond—and there is a common bond—is not a matter of position or of expression, but of deep calling unto deep away down in humanity's heart.

Said our "Institute of Democracy" lecturer: "Very likely some one is saying at this moment, 'I can't love everybody.' Yes, you can, if you will. You may not like certain people very well, but you can love them. There are folks in this world that I do not like to get real close to myself, and I suppose some people do not like me well enough to get very close to me. We are not called upon to be literally throwing our arms about every human being who happens to come our way, whether he appeals to our sense of propriety or cleanliness or not; but we must come to the point of loving every last human that walks this earth, however degraded he may be. Put it down that we will not think any longer in terms of any particular bunch of people. Wash your minds of the last rag of exclusiveness. The flag of the United States is not to wave in terms of advantage for the few, without regard for all. You've got to be making a living for yourself and for your family, I know. You've got to run that store of yours; you've got to be looking out for the job that is yours; but throw the searchlight of your mind out over the world, too, and do a lot of thinking in world terms. Learn what Democracy means, and do what you can to hasten the day of its triumph."

The first paper that I picked up after all this was The Christian Commonwealth, just arrived directly from the publishing house in stricken England. And the first message I caught from this paper came through these stanzas from "The Way of Wonder," by May Doney:

The Little Window.

"There is a window through whose magic frame
All souls are precious seen—
A mystic lattice set in glorious shame,
Holding all life between.

"It is the window of a little wound—
Red rose in a white side,
Whose heart told that the heart of God had swooned,
The flesh of God had died.

"It opens from a wide wall named 'The Cross,'
Built up 'twixt self and sin.
The circle of its agony and loss
Takes every sinner in.

"There the mean souls, the vulgar and the base,
The cruel and the cold,
Are shown as shapes of value in their place
Amid Love's gems and gold.

"We shrink from them. We draw our delicate,
Fine feelings round about
Our hearts, and step aside: God stoops to wait
Lest one be shut without.

"Miser, thief, cynic, murderer, slave of sense,
He counts them, every one,
Amongst His treasures, for whose recompense
His blood and tears have run."

Pilgrim Church, Pomona, Cal.

COMMENT ON THE SERMON, "GOD IN THE BATTLES OF THE NATIONS."

W. W. Cochrane, Pastor Congregational Church, Sprague, Washington.

We are assured that comments on a sermon under the above caption—whether condemnatory or otherwise—will be welcomed. Fortunately for the writer thereof, there is much in the sermon worthy of high commendation; and a little, it seems to me, of the other kind.

Having been engaged in public speaking of one sort or another for more years than I need confess, I am aware of the solid work that went into the preparation of that address. There is manifest in every sentence a broad and intimate familiarity with the whole historic situation—an intimacy not gained by a few hours of careless desultory reading but of most thoughtful investigation. It goes without saying that mastery of the subject is the secret of value in sermons, and mastery of no great subject ever comes without sweat. "What costs little is worth less."

Moreover, there is prime evidence here of the free play of the historic imagination; space is eliminated; time is erased. The reader is transported to the day and to the scene. He sees the gleam of the spears and hears the rumble of the chariot wheels. The preacher is, in this instance, a reporter in a front trench—and no one need marvel that he became an editor after writing such sermons.

There is more here than historic imagination and graphic writing. One feels at once that the preacher has a stalwart faith that God is in his heaven, that there is a Soul at the center of the universe, that the heart-throbs of the Almighty pulsate in all human affairs. The modern

man, even with his modern point of view, (in an age falsely characterized as "destitute of faith and terrified at skepticism") feels the stirring of his own responsive faith and is stimulated and cheered by this assurance of divine control in world affairs.

But judgment hesitates, reason halts, with a query: Is not the pose slightly Jewish, is there not a little too much here of the interposition of special providence? Does God, after all, send His angels with their hands full of plague germs to decimate an army which happens to be on the wrong side (and that in a war in which not one of the soldiers slain could be held responsible)? Should the intervention of special providences in the sovereign's governance of a race endowed with freedom have so large a place?

On page 11 of the same issue (July 19) a contributor (W. J. Thompson) says: "The wages of sin is death; yet not as the arbitrary award of a judge, but as the inevitable consummation of on unarrested process," and quotes Dr. G. Grose, Miss Vida Schudder, and Dr. Ambrose Shepherd to the same effect. That is not all; the preacher himself unquestionably felt that the angelic intervention, the special providence assumption, was not quite satisfactory and postulates "pestilential marshes" as a buffer to soften the jolt given to his own evolutionary prepossessions.

Certainly, we believe in "the activity of God in us and around us and above us—in his help conformably to the order which he has established in the moral world" (Prof. G. B. Foster), but too much emphasis upon benevolent divine interposition to save the human race from its own sins might tend to weaken the sense of moral responsibility. If there is any real moral freedom in the world, if there is to be any real development of character, sin and struggle against sin are involved as ever possible and perchance necessary. That is the price we pay for our liberty.

The self-revelation of God, alike of his justice and of his grace, through man's religious consciousness (a general providence) was quite sufficient to have kept Europe from perpetrating the most colossal crime of all history. Who can expect; who has any right to expect, any particular intervention of God to save the same Europe (or us) from this immeasurable folly?

In the building of character and in the regeneration of human society God works in and through man, not on him. The former is the view of the older prophets from Amos to Jeremiah, the latter is the view of the apocalyptic Judaism of Daniel, et al. The urgent need of these times, it seems to me, is stronger stress on the moral responsibility of free agents and on the law of development in human life. The law of the universe recharges our life and that is better than intervention of special providences. And no one, I fancy, has seen this with clearer vision than the writer of the sermon referred to.

PILGRIM THANKSGIVING SUNDAY

November 25th.

Take down your calendar and paint that date red. Mark it so it will stand out as a daily reminder for the coming four months.

What For?

That is the date selected as a National Congregational Program Day. We are all asked to start in at once laying plans for the widest and most effective exploitation of Tercentenary ideals that our denomination has yet had. Last year nearly fifty per cent of our churches, it is estimated, observed Tercentenary Sunday with great interest and profit. That was a notable result considering how unused Congregationalists are to doing such things and how little we then knew about the great campaign. This year we can lift that average to ninety percent if we will all help. Every church will want to have a place in the procession—from Maine to California, from Florida to Alaska. The Tercentenary idea has grown on us. It has gripped us. We have many times more knowledge about it, enthusiasm over it and appreciation of it, than we had a year ago. The material for such a rally is richer and more abundant. World wide events have thrown into striking relief the Pilgrim democratic principles that every congregation will want to hear about. We shall all welcome such a day for the rallying of our forces—a day on which we can jointly stress our ideals, repent of our shortcomings, face our common tasks, repair our methods, push new plans and build higher our enthusiasms.

Why That Particular Sunday? What's in a Date?

There is a world of romance and inspiration in that date. It is ladened with Pilgrim memories. On that week nearly three hundred years ago the Mayflower rounded Cape Cod and cast anchor in Provincetown harbor. That was the week the immortal compact was signed and the shore of the new land first pressed by Pilgrim feet. Thanksgiving Day itself was a later gift to the nation by the same Pilgrim Band and the great themes that will naturally be discussed on that national holiday were born in Pilgrim cradles. It is certainly an ideal day for our purpose.

Definitely, What is That Purpose?

We suggest that Pilgrim Thanksgiving Sunday be observed as a day for putting our Tercentenary plans into operation in the local churches. We have been laying rails; we ought soon to be delivering goods. We have been mapping campaigns; when shall we muster the army? Our need is an organized fighting force. Our first duty is to do what the nation is doing—enroll its men. The National Council is planning to provide everything necessary for a rapid enrollment of our members throughout the country on that Sunday. Accompanying the Tercentenary Program for 1917-18, there will be issued an enlistment card by which volunteers can enroll themselves under any or all of the items of the campaign. Thus a variety of important measures can be launched in each local church on that day. In any congregation after a few moments of enthusiastic explanation, there could be secured students for the study course on Congregationalism, enlistments under a Pilgrim covenant of Stewardship, recruits for evangelistic and social service efforts, subscribers to missionary and denominational publications, with other similar decisions, exceedingly difficult to secure in isolation but, like our great war measures, moving easily on a great national tide. Between the large rallies on that day many churches will find it a most opportune time to conduct a Sunday afternoon Every Member Canvas for their 1918 budgets. It is easy to see how invaluable such a fellowship day will be. From the National Council office a leaflet of suggestions about it will early be sent to the churches. Meanwhile we can all be preparing for the biggest kind of a celebration of Pilgrim Thanksgiving Sunday.

"Humanity is found kneeling, in every zone,
Before some holy thing, that points to God's pure throne:
No supplicating form nor look do thou despise
By which poor, earth-bound hearts would struggle toward
the skies,"

REV. CHARLES R. HAGER, M. D.

On July 13th, according to the touching announcement made by Mrs. Hager and their children, Dr. Hager "was called up higher by our Heavenly Father after a lingering illness." This Scripture reference very fitly follows this announcement: "II Tim. 4:7. I have fought the good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith." Brother Hager had much in common with the writer of those words—both in personal character and actual experience. He was naturally and even spiritually, a good fighter. Even if not always on a side absolutely and thoroughly right, it was an honest fight, with full assurance on his part as to its full rectitude. Perhaps, respecting some even of Paul's vigorous contentions, Peter may have seen what he thought to be good grounds for difference. So far, however, as we know, Paul was always on the right—the progressive side—and did his fighting honestly as well as intensely. The same, in good measure, may be said of our now exalted brother.

Paul's finished course (race-running, he called it) demanded of him intense activity, unsparing towards himself, and was achieved in spite of severe physical infirmities—"a thorn," as he put it, "in the flesh." More than this, it was achieved in the midst of perils so numerous and so murderous—that he said of himself, "I die daily." And this too may be said in a large measure of our brother. His tours among the villages of South China were not always made in safety. Robberies were so frequent and so merciless that probably his poverty was his chief protection. Once he was actually made prisoner by pirates, and kept on one of their boats waiting possibly for a ransom; and how it came to pass that he was released by them I never heard; I even doubt whether he himself ever knew.

That like the great apostle, our brother "kept the faith" goes without saying.

About thirty-six years ago, seeing a constant stream of Chinese converted in our Missions, returning to their native land, and realizing painfully the deadly perils to which their new life in Christ would be exposed, I sent an earnest plea to our American Board for the establishment of a mission in South China, having for its special service to meet these young Christians on their return; to visit them in their several villages and to be thus a shepherd to the scattered flock, and through them to establish a working force for Christ, wherever even one only of these should settle or even should sojourn. The Prudential Committee responded kindly and promptly to my plea. Meanwhile, Mr. Hager had graduated from our seminary and was commencing a pastorate in Antioch. I do not remember through whom they heard of this young man; probably it was through Drs. Mooar and Benton. At any rate, it now seems to me that my first information respecting the matter, was that he had been appointed and had accepted the appointment. Bethany Church in this city called together an Ecclesiastical Council and in its meeting house Mr. Hager was ordained as a missionary. I am not furnished with many reminiscences of his work, for correspondence between us—busy men that we were—was far less frequent than I, at least, desired ti to be. Suffice it to say that he made his headquarters at Hong Kong, and even while learning the language, gathered a church in that city composed so largely of Chinese who had returned from California, that I remember now one of these brethren wrote to me once: "When I enter our church and look about I seem to be in California again."

Twice in each year he toured on foot from village to village, preaching wherever an audience could be assembled, and baptizing any who were prepared for baptism. It was seldom I judge, that he failed in any village to find someone ready to "confess Jesus as Lord." I remember that once it was reported to me that in one village and on one day he baptized one hundred. It is easy to imagine some bright Chinese who had said here: "I came to California to get gold; I have found here what is better than gold, Jesus, my Savior,"—easy I say, to imagine such a one entering his native village and called almost at once to tell the people about this "land of the golden mountains"—what he saw here, what he learned here, what he got here, telling them of the wages, the cities, the mission schools, and then repeating to them what he had heard here of Jesus Christ. And while most would doubt or would turn scornfully away, some would listen and learn and believe. I have not now at hand the statistical statements of our Board as to the missions in China, but I remember distinctly that when Dr. Hager was its sole missionary—and this being the youngest of them all—still the number of communicants reported, exceeded by more than 2,000 those reported by any other mission, though all had done well.

Most of his work was done under pressure of ill health. Several times he was obliged to return to America. One of these furloughs was, of necessity, continued so long that he was enabled to study medicine and to win the degree of M. D. thus returning as a medical as well as a preaching missionary, and the two go together on our mission fields remarkably well.

On his last return, I called upon him at the Merritt Hospital in Oakland, and thought him the most haggard and hopeless looking invalid I had ever seen. I did not suppose that he could survive ten days. But he recovered sufficiently to resume service to the people he so greatly loved. He added to this some work among the Hindoos. His final attempt, having his home at Claremont, was to preach on alternate Sabbaths to the Chinese in Bakersfield and in Mexicali, a village in Mexico close to the United States line and adjoining the American city of Calexico.

I can easily conceive of him now as "clothed upon with his habitation which is from heaven" (II Cor. 5:3), that new body spiritual, celestial, eternal, of which we read in the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, and at rest, but not as idle, for this could not be—but there "the work is rest and every movement song." W. C. P.

DEDICATION OF CHURCH BUILDING AT HURLEY, NEW MEXICO.

The Union Evangelical Church of Hurley, New Mexico, dedicated its splendid new house of worship on Sunday evening. July 22, 1917, in a most impressive service. The dedication sermon, "The Signs of the Times," by Rev. J. H. Heald, D.D., of Albuquerque, was prophetic and statesmanlike in its hopeful and inspiring vision.

Preceding the special service of dedication was a service on Saturday evening at which Rev. S. E. Lynd of Phoenix, Arizona, gave an address of great insight and instructiveness on "The Mutual Relation of Church and Community."

Following this address a reception was held for Dr. Heald and Dr. Lynd. Light refreshments were served and a pleasant evening was spent making and renewing acquaintance with these two splendid leaders in Christian work, who have been responsible for the organization and establishing, and for the building of the church.

On Sunday afternoon at 2:30 the children of Hurley Union Sunday-school gave an excellent program of recitations, exercises, and songs as their part in the dedication of the church. They were directed by Mrs. C. E. Oberholser, who has been the faithful and efficient superintendent of the school since its organization, assisted by Mrs. Stapleton, Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Proctor, and Mrs. McInelly. The church was beautifully decorated for the services by Mrs. Page.

After the Sunday evening service a business meeting of the church was held, at which Rev. A. C. Stone, who has been pastor of the church for the past year, presented his resignation. Mr. Stone stated that he resigned, not because of any dissatisfaction with conditions in the church, in which he has had only the pleasantest of experiences, received the kindest of treatment, and enjoyed the happiest of relationships, but because he is about to take up other, and different work. The resignation was received with great surprise, and accepted with many expressions of regret.

Dr. Heald then presented the name of Rev. J. K. Stage, with a hearty recommendation. The church voted unanimously to call him as its pastor, and to pay his traveling expenses from Sweetwater, Nebraska. Feeling that the church has had a very prosperous and progressive year, the members voted unanimously to increase its pastor's salary by the amount of two hundred dollars for the following year.

The Hurley Union Church is what its name signifies—a union church. It numbers among its membership nearly all well-known denominations, and seeks to minister to all people in the community. Its object and fellowship, copied almost identically from that of Plymouth Church, Oakland, Cal., as stated on the dedication program, is suggestive, and gives an idea of its breadth and devotion, as follows:

Our Object.

To bring joy to little children; instruction and high ideals to youth; inspiration to men and women in the midst of life; to labor together for a better civilization of brotherly men; to help establish, under Christ's leadership, the kingdom of God on earth.

Our Fellowship.

Not dependent on identity of theological opinion; nor of outward circumstances; nor of denominational name; but growing from a common loyalty to Jesus Christ; a common passion to save the world; a common purpose to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God.

FIRST CHURCH, PASADENA.

Rev. Samuel Woodrow, D.D., of St. Louis, formerly of Washington, D. C., occupied the pulpit for three Sundays in July, the pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, being absent on a two-months' vacation. Dr. Woodrow's visit to Pasadena won him many friends, and First Church will gladly leave the latch-string out for him.

Rev. Mr. Welsh, of Elgin, Ills., is to preach during August. Mr. Welsh was Dr. Fox's successor in the California Avenue Church, Chicago, which insures him a welcome with Pasadena, First. Further interest is attached to his visit at this time since Mr. Welsh was connected for two years with the Sunday party as Billy Sunday's advance agent. This gives him special opportunity to emphasize the Sunday campaign for Los Angeles in September.

Rev. A. B. Strong Honored by Church Members on Eve of Departure.

Members and friends of First Congregational Church and friends of the guests of honor gathered for a farewell reception held July 24 at the church in honor of Rev. A. B. Strong and Miss Gladys Strong. It was regretted that the third member of which one of the speakers alluded to as the "Strong Triangle," could not be present also, but the son, Lloyd Strong, is filling a second season's engagement as guide and lecturer at Yellowstone Park, and is obliged to be away for the summer.

Rev. L. Potter Hitchcock of Neighborhood Church and Rev. James H. Lash of Lake Avenue Congregational Church spoke feelingly of their warm personal friendship for Mr. Strong and of the large place he has made for himself in Pasadena.

Commissioner A. L. Hamilton, superintendent of the Bible school, who has been closely associated with Mr. Strong in his work as educational director, spoke most appreciatively of Mr. Strong's unselfish service for the church, expressing his satisfaction particularly in regard to the large and enthusiastic social service class which was organized by Mr. Strong. In closing his address Mr. Hamilton, on behalf of the school, presented Mr. Strong with a purse of gold, in which he said everyone present had had a share.

J. M. Hursh also paid tribute to Mr. Strong's untiring zeal and courageous spirit, summing up his characterization in an original poem.

In response to these addresses Mr. Strong spoke of the delightful fellowship which he said he had enjoyed for the past two years with the church and its pastor, Dr. D. F. Fox, and earnestly urged those present to continue the work he had been endeavoring to do in ministering especially to those on the outer edge of church life, the timid and the stranger.

Mr. Strong and his family will leave soon for their former home near Seattle, taking with them the heartiest good will of First Congregational Church and the sincerest good wishes of the members for continued success.

L. M. A.

FIRST CHURCH, LOS ANGELES, CALLS DR. CARL S. PATTON.

This has been a great week in the annals of the First Church in that it has marked the call and acceptance of a permanent pastor—Dr. Carl S. Patton, who for several years has been pastor of the First Church in Columbus, O., succeeding Dr. Washington Gladden who now holds an emeritus relation to this church.

For the past month Dr. Patton has been thrilling great congregations here with his eloquence, his practical and scholarly sermons attracting both ministers and laymen. He has accepted the call after mature deliberation. Indeed, it was at one time believed that he would succumb to the urgent claims of Andover, which has been so persistently calling him to its presidency for the past six months. The wires have been kept hot with appealing messages across the continent from Cambridge to California during his stay here in the effort to induce him to accept the presidential proffer, but the alluring call of California won out in the contest and the members of First Church are jubilant over securing for their own this popular pastor. Dr. Patton preaches his last sermons here tomorrow before returning to Columbus where he will remain until after the National Council which convenes in

October. He will begin his pastorate in Los Angeles November 1st.

Perhaps the finest tribute paid to Dr. Patton in the multitude of testimonials given at the midweek meeting when the church extended its formal call was the declaration that he is "inalienably addicted to common sense and unquenchable optimism."

Representative of the Doshisha Here.

Miss Mary Florence Denton, for thirty years instructor in the Girls' College of The Dohisha is spending a part of her furlough in Southern California. Her presence here awakens fresh interest in this great Christian university which is such an important factor in the educational life of Japan. The Doshisha now numbers more than 1600 students, with a faculty of 125 and an alumni of more than 2000—representing the development of forty years since it was founded by Joseph Neesima.

It isn't a far stretch of the imagination to go back over these two-score years to the time when this institution was organized with exactly eight students who gathered in Mr. Neesima's house. Today the plant, land and buildings represents a value of 664,000 yen ($332,000). During the past two decades the Japanese government educational institutions have made such rapid progress in equipment and teaching force that the Christian institutions have fallen relatively behind and it is imperative that they be brought speedily up to or above the prevailing government standards. Already they have exercised a potent influence in this direction and, by common consent, the Doshisha has taken the leading role. To measure up to what the nation requires, and to what its previous history and standards fit it to do, however, calls imperatively for enlarged financial resources in order that this great institution may reach the full development of its high ideal—a Christian university in Japan.

Miss Denton brings with her letters to many of the leading educators, business men, editors and professional men of the United States who have visited the Doshisha and have expressed a warm interest in the work and future of this monument to education which has played so important a part in the religious and intellectual life of Japan. The special work that appeals to the Pacific Coast is that of the Girls' School which the women of the Pacific Board in co-operation with the trustees have taken over as their particular portion. A monument to their devotion to this cause is the splendid Pacific Hall—a twelve-room building with not an inch of wasted space, every brick counting for the money that went into it. The interior is finished in the handsome Japanese hardwood, and an unmistakable tribute to the artistic beauty of the building is that paid by a famous New York architect who went out to Japan at the call of a certain mission about to erect a million-dollar plant in Tokyo. After making a complete survey of the empire, this expert architect declared that no building in all Japan came up to the mark in artistic finish and style as does the Pacific Hall, and he advised the Tokyo mission to follow the lines of this building in the erection of their own.

Miss Denton reports that there is imperative need of a chapel for the Girls' College, the gymnasium now answering this purpose. The Japanese girls are intimately affected by atmosphere and surroundings, and the meeting for sacred service in a gymnasium does not tend to inspire religious feeling. An administration building for the girls is also needed. Whereas but 325 girls can now be accommodated, with an expansison of buildings the number could easily be brought up to 500, and this without adding to the teaching force, which would materially increase the resources of the College.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke comes to Pasadena.

Southern California is this year enjoying a wonderful privilege in the presence here of so many famous religious leaders. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been secured to take the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena for the next six months during the absence of its pastor, Dr. Robert Freeman who goes to France to engage in Y. M. C. A. work among the soldier boys at the front. The coming of this eloquent man of letters, pulpit orator, and representative to the Netherlands during the first years of the great war, is looked forward to with pleased anticipation by the people of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Miss Margery Slattery is due next month when she will deliver a series of lectures extending over two weeks at the Long Beach Assembly. The Bible School of the First Church has arranged for an encampment for girls, from fifteen to twenty years of age, to continue during this period, in order to give our young people a chance to hear the splendid address by Miss Slattery. The Bible School will assist in the expenses of this encampment, and the fund will be swelled by private contributions, to bring it within the reach of all girls who wish to seize this fine opportunity.

A Famous Southern Preacher.

A famous Southern preacher, Rev. Arthur H. Gordon, of Atlanta, Ga., is coming to Los Angeles to occupy the pulpit of the First Baptist Church during the absence of the pastor, Dr. James A. Francis, who leaves August 1st for work among the Y. M. C. A. camps, to be away six months or more. Rev. Gordon is the youngest son of the late Dr. A. J. Gordon, noted author and preacher. For the past seven years he has been pastor of the Ponce de Leon church at Atlanta, and is a lifelong friend of Dr. Frrancis. He is a profound scholar and Bible expositor and will add one more to the brilliant galaxy of divines in Southern California.

SYDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, July 28.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Ralph B. Larkin has come from Southern California to enter on the pastorate of the North Congregational Church of Berkeley.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer will enter on religious work at Camp Fremont soon after he returns from Honolulu. Plymouth Church, Oakland, gives him leave of absence for six months.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco Professor Lovejoy will speak on "H. G. Wells' Philosophy of Life." Last Monday he spoke concerning "God, the Invisible King," and it was the desire of the ministers that that address be followed by the one to be given next Monday.

The Rev. E. Morgan Isaac of Guerneville has been called to the pastorate of Mission Congregational Church, San Francisco, and has accepted. We shall be glad to have Mr. Isaac in San Francisco, but are sorry for Guerneville, where he has been doing so fine a work and uniting the whole community under him as leader in all good works. INSERT

The holy spirit is a spirit, and no tone mood of the mind; it is not sabbatical, but daily; it is not a morning and an evening temper, but a perpetual presence in us.—William Mountfort.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

Rev. O. B. Whitmore of Ritzville, has tendered his resignation after serving the church for over two years. He will close his labors October the 1st. Mr. Whitmore has been in the ministry 46 years, including six years in public work outside the pastorate. His time has been about equally divided between the Congregational and Methodist Episcopal ministry. He has been in Washington and Oregon about thirty years. Mrs. Whitmore has been suffering from the effects of a fall for some months and unable to walk. Mr. Whitmore will not seek stated work for some time beyond supplies, and they will make their home in North Yakima.

Rev. Joel Harper, of Denver, Col., will supply the Westminster Church during July, and the pastor, Dr. T. H. Harper, will spend some time on his old field, Oklahoma City. Mrs. Dr. Harper, brought her mother, Mrs. H. S. Gillogly, of Newman, Ill., home with her after the death of the father and husband. They have the sympathy of friends in their bereavement.

The weather has been unusually warm and dry in this region and no more than half a wheat crop is expected. The cost of living is going up and wages as a rule advancing, but ministers' salaries are at a standstill, but under the administration of our new state superintendent the missionaries are paid more promptly.

The writer's son, Jonathan, at the Presidio, has been commissioned second lieutenant in the regular army. I trust that the ministers of the Bay cities are giving some attention to the soldiers, especially to the ministers' sons. It offers a rare opportunity for service.

Dr. James M. Campbell's Books.

I have read recently two of his books that have done my soul good, as all his books do. One is entitled, "The Presence." He deals with the Presence as the reality of realities; the ultimate object of human thought; the underlying fact in the religious life; in nature, the world, soul of man. The Presence in the Old Testament; in the Incarnation; in the risen Christ; the Holy Spirit and the New Testament. The Presence as it now is: what Christ is here for—to save, heal, comfort, strengthen, judge, and reign. Living in the Presence; recognition and practice of the Presence; the Presence unveiled, at the end of the present age and in the world to come. It is certainly a rich, instructive and inspiring book.

The other book is entitled, "Prayer in Its Present Day Aspect." It is small in size, but great and weighty in matter. Christian people need it these days. My fellow student, Dr. George A. Gordon, well says: "It is a luminous discussion, and could not have been written except by one who knows the age in which he is living, the permanent needs of the human spirit, accentuated by the special intellectual stress of the time, and a grasp upon the unchanging in the realm of faith and experience."

The author says that prayer is pushed to the front as never before, caused by the spirit of unrest and uncertainty. People are surely crying: "Whither shall we go but into Thee, for Thou has the words of eternal life." I have studied it with care with a view of making use of it for the good of my people. It offers most excellent subjects for prayer meetings and ought to have extensive use. It deals with prayer and our conception of God, of self, of fellowmen, of life, of new world and New Testament. The scope, fullness, force and chief field of prayer, with its relation to bodily healing and the war. The study of it has proved uplifting and enriching to me. I commend both books to ministers and laymen. I regard Dr. Campbell as one of the great devotional writers of our age, always profound and practical, intellectual and spiritual, progressive and wholesomely conservative, constructive and soul-feeding.

Spokane, Wash. J. EDWARDS.

The Home.

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

A little child dwelt by the flowing sea,
And her home was the home of poverty;
She ran with bare feet o'er the golden sands,
And gathered shells with her small brown hands.

Gay strangers came in rich robes dight,
But the little maiden shunned their sight,
And shaking her curls o'er her blushing face,
Sped away like a fawn that flees the chase.

When the strangers were gone, said the mother mild,
"What was it dismayed thee, my darling child?"
"O mother, my feet were bare and brown,
I had no bonnet, and then—this gown!"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock,
Sadly rent by the rugged rock,
And she said with a deep and long-drawn sigh,
"Will I have such dresses as they by-and-by?"

Her mother smiled with a grave sweet grace,
As she smoothed the curls from the half-grieved face,
And said, "When our ship comes in from the sea,
You shall have garments and all things free."

"When our ship comes in!" said the little one,
And away to the highest rock she run,
And watched till night shadows dimmed the shore,
For the freighted ship and its treasured store.

Long and often she watched in vain,
No ship for her sailed over the main.
How many watchers in life there be,
For the ship that never comes over the sea.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"Auntie, did you ever hear of anything so mean? Austin, my own brother—what do you s'pose he did to me this very night? He'll grow up to be a bad, bad man, and be cruel to his own children!"

My little niece's face was flushed with indignation and her big brown eyes were full of tears. Her forecast of her brother's future was delivered with some zest; she was plainly convinced that to become a bad, bad man and a cruel father would serve him right.

"Tell me about it, dear; what did he do?"

"He took my six dollies, every one of them, that I just put to bed, and took all their nightgowns off till they were all raw, and left them in a pile on the floor, with their clothes all in another heap, and they'll all catch cold and prob'ly die, and it'll be all his fault, and he doesn't know how I love 'em every one, an' he hadn't any business to do it, and he's a bad, bad, wicked boy, an'—."

"Yes, dear, it was pretty mean of him; but I don't think he meant any real harm. Now, let me ask you some-

thing. Don't you think your Daddy is a pretty good man, and very kind to you?"

"Oooh, yes, yes, indeed! I know my Daddy never would do such a thing, an' I'm just going to tell him what—."

"When I was a little girl, your Daddy was my big brother, just the same as Austin is to you. I had a beautiful wax doll, oh, so dear to my heart! I loved that dolly just the way you love every one of your six dollies. I used to undress her and put her to bed, and worry about her catching cold, just the way you do. Well, one morning when I came downstairs I found—what do you suppose?—my beloved dolly hanging by the hair of her head to the top door of the big stove in the living-room! And she was stark naked, too; but worse than that, the stove was so hot that the wax of her lovely face was melting away so that I scarcely knew her. Before I could play with her again she had to have a new head; but she never seemed to me to be the same dolly."

"Oh, Auntie, how dreadful! Did you cry?"

"Yes, I cried."

"Who did it?" I could see that she knew and dreaded the answer.

"My own big brother. Yes, your Daddy. And he didn't grow up to be a bad, bad man, cruel to his own children. You know that."

* * * * * *

Brothers seem to be pretty much alike at a certain stage, when they are ten and little sister is six. They love to tease their sisters about their dolls; I often think they really would like to play with them, but do not quite dare to exhibit such effeminate likings. So they take it out in undressing them, hiding them in impossible places, or subjecting them to outrageous indignities.

The years soon pass, and most times these teasing brothers come to be very proud of their good-looking sisters, and ready to fight in their defence. The same brother who abused sister's dolly in the time so little a while ago finds pleasure in escorting Sister to his school parties. Oh, yes, he has his eye on Sister's pretty friend; but he finds Sister very convenient, to say the least, and cares for her a lot more than he would be quite willing to say in words.

When this is not the case, there is something serious the matter somewhere, and it is very seldom the fault of either of the young people. Way back in the children's training; farther back than that, in the first makings of the home, before the children came, Somebody failed to create the atmosphere of unity. Not quite always, but usually, it was the Home-maker who failed.

* * * * * *

The mother of the family can help this situation immensely by positive effort to unify the family. This is a thing that must be definitely thought about and planned for from the very foundation of the home, but it is never too late to recognize the need and try to meet it. We all know families in which the children are always squabbling and jealous of each other, all pulling—or at any rate, going—in opposite directions, with Father and Mother nagging and criticising, unintentionally, but none the less definitely, teaching them to despise each other. Children take the color of their lives from their elders in the home.

* * * * * *

Help the children to admire each other; make much of each to all. If you can possibly avoid it, never scold or criticise one child in the presence of the others, unless the fault was one in which all of them were participants. Emphasize the good points of each to the others; never allow one to be compared with or set against another in a way to humiliate or to create contempt.

Plan for frequent family festivals in which all can participate, and see that the work and prominence and credit of the several children are both fairly divided and fully recognized. Keep the real centre of interest at home; have something going on or in preparation constantly that will seem worth while and will call out the best in each. Especially encourage pride on the part of each in the achievement of the others.

This is not by any means to say that the individual tastes and aptitudes should be smothered or subordinated; or that each child will or will not have his own group of friends, his own little "set." It is both foolish and impossible to attempt to turn out a family of children all alike. The children will have their own interests, just as the parents do. But with full liberty of individual taste, it is possible to keep the home unity regardless of diversity of character, and it is the Home-maker's very special business to attend to this.

The relationship of brother and sister in many cases needs much adjusting. In many families there seems to be no relationship at all, only an armed neutrality or a cold indifference. The house is a mere shelter from the weather; the family meet at table, speak sometimes, none too politely, and go their separate ways. They love each other, after some fashion, and in emergency often this love proves real; but as for outward show of affection or even of decent friendship—it seems to be regarded as bad form!

* * * * * *

I would like to tell some sisters that I know what they might be to their brothers in the way of comfort and inspiration. I wish they could know how bitterly hurt their brothers are at their thoughtless ridicule. I wish some brothers could know how their sisters would appreciate a show of brotherly friendship and pride. It comforts me immensely in these late years to remember what a girl said to me once a long, long time ago:

"You don't treat your brother as most girls do; you act as if he were your best young man."

Well, in my home when I was little both Mother and Father did much to unify the family, to teach us to be proud of each other. My brothers teased me, yes: but in the long run we were friends.

Find me a family where the sons and daughters have gone forth to make homes of their own, and where they seldom see each other or communicate, where the relationship is only nominal, and I will venture to say that in that family the Home-maker suffered divisiveness to dwell in place of unity. She did not make it her business to keep the fire of common interest and enthusiasm burning at the centre.—New York Post.

For The Children.

GOLDFINCH'S WAVING.

"Cheerily-cheerily-cheerily," in sweet, clear, soft tones, chattering gaily, came swinging up to us from the pasture slope below.

"Who is that calling, so softly, so clearly?" we asked pausing.

"Cheerily-cheerily-cheerily," came again.

Quietly we waited. The grassy slope, bright in the fresh green of springtime, touched and splotched and dotted with the glowing yellow of many dandelions, flat, round-faced little fellows, smiling sunward, lay spread out before us. Just beyond an old gray rail fence went

zigzaging along, bordered by tinkling, gurgling, surging Spring Brook, bubbling away beneath a stately row of willows, broad-based, their slender-tipped branches outspread against the brown of freshly plowed fields, dotted here and there with the dark green of tall, broad, sturdy pines, backed by the misty greens and blues of farther hillsides and distant mountains. Lacy, wavy Wild Mustard gave bright yellow touches to bush-o'erhung fence corners, and Ragwort, round, sunny-faced, swayed and nodded from brookside banks.

"Cheerily-cheerily-cheerily," came swinging brightly up to us again.

"There they are," we said, quickly. "Swaying, swinging along, just above that thick cluster of dandelion faces. And they are coming nearer. They look almost like Dandelions, so bright, so yellow."

Quickly they swung along, brightly, cheerfully across the pasture, pausing a moment; and on they came again, fluttering, swinging, swaying. Gaily one nashed by, black wings and tail and topknot against the bright yellow of the rest of his coat, waved up and down several times, and alighted in a near-by bush top.

"Isn't it fine?" they called, long drawn out, sweetly, back and forth to each other.

"It's springtime," one began, nodding brightly. "Of course, you know it, I suppose. But we speak of it again and again—of how fine it is, you know. So we call 'Cheerily-cheerily-cheerily,' to all Birdland, to the Woodfolk, and to all the others, though we fly so fast sometimes that I'm not always sure that they hear. But we try, at least. So we call to them quite often. And now 'tis so fine. We just bubble and sway and bubble again. And all Birdland is bright and gay and happy."

"But who are you? And where did you get your colors so right, so gay?" we asked.

"We're Goldfinches, or Wild Canaries folks sometimes call us, though our name is Goldfinch. And we sing quite sweetly, folks say. Of course, it's so nice now that we just bubble and gurgle away. And 'tis quite like Canary, they say. He's from Birdland, far, far away across a broad, broad water, I've heard. And he sings very sweetly—so sweetly that they bring him away over here just to hear him. And so they call us Wild Canaries. Quite a compliment in a way. you know, though I think Goldfinch a much better name, for we're not 'wild,' you know. We're just wee birds, bubbling and swinging and swaying here and there. And then our color that you ask about. We caught that from the yellow of the smiling faces of many of the flowers of pasture lot and Woodland, I've heard. For we're friends of all, you know. But, mostly, I think from Dandelion, such a fine little fellow. And he caught it from large golden Sun that goes slipping away toward the west, I've heard. For doesn't Dandelion always smile sunward?"

"Cheerily-cheerily-cheerily," came gaily down to us from overhead. A bunch of swinging, swaying dots appeared from the sky, it seemed. Plump! and they had alighted.

"Cheerily-cheerily," one called in greeting.

"Isn't that splendid?" he began again. "Swinging and swaying through the air like that! Up and down, and up and down again, and on and on, for we're the 'wavers' of Birdland, you know. That's our 'part.' For we wave and wave up and down, as we fly along, and call 'Cheerily--cheerily' again and again. And then Spring Brook and Meadow Pond and Woodland Lake wave back to us, when Spring Breeze comes whispering along and gently ripples their surface. It's great fun, we think."

"It must be," we said. "But where did you learn it? For you do it very gracefully and quite differently than other birds, we think."

"From the fluffy, wavy seed 'plumes,' you know," he said. "That's where we we learned our 'part,' as the 'wavers' of Birdland. And 'tis so easy to learn when one has good teachers, for we just watch and try to do it quite as gracefully as they do. For first there's Dandelion, round, fluffy-headed fellow,almost like a ball of dainty whiteness in 'plumetime,' you know. And he'll be sending them forth on the gay Spring Breezes in just a short time now. And then there's Bull Thistle later in the summer. And Milkweed opens her pods in the falltime. And we're quite fond of them all. So we swing and sway and wave, as they do. You know them, perhaps; Bull Thistle tall, purple, broad-faced fellow that stands and sways along the pasture wall, and Milkweed, quite a gentle fellow, broad-leaved, graceful, pointed pod full of brown seeds and white, slender, fluffy plumes.

"And then we are acquainted with almost all the seed tops, Sunflower and many others, for we stay here most of the year—far into the the wintertime, you know. And it's interesting to see the year almost round. Perhaps you do not always know us then, for in the late summer we change our coats, you know. Many of the other birds do also. For then we change to one quite like that which the mate has now; olive green, with a we bit of black and white wing bars. So, perhaps, you'll not remember us in that coat. But we always call 'Cheerily-cheerily,' and wave up and down, you know, for we never forget what we learned from Dandelion and Bull Thistle and Milkweed.

"And then in the late fall and winter, there aren't so many birds to call cheerful things to all their friends. So we're one of the 'cheerers' then, you know. And sometimes we swing and sway and wave in and out among the snowflakes, broad, fluffy, white fellows. Quite fun, we think it."

"Cheerily-cheerily," came from farther on.

"But I must be going' for the flock is moving on. And I'll hope to see you again later, or, at least, I'll call to see you from time to time." And on he went, swinging and swaying and waving up and down across the sky until he seemed but a wee spot bobbing away.

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three;
And she lived in a house on Wellington street,
In the yard with the walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,
That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence;
At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth depart
"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Up to the field marched he;
But his eye was blacked and his head was whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "baby" because he cried,

Did Teddy and Willie and Tim;
And they chased him away when he threatened to tell,
And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
When Harold Percival Marmaduke said
He'd play with her "once in a while."
And her face wore a joyful smile,
—St. Nicholas.

"The Gleam?—Ah, question not if others see it
Who nor the yearning nor the passion share;
Grieve not, if children of the earth decree it—
The earth itself their goddess, only fair.
The soul has need of prophet and redeemer;
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars."

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